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THE OLD PIONEER.

BY THEODORE D'ARNA.

(Written at the grave of Daniel Boone, Frankfort Cemetery.)

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
He rests from field and foot;
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his life's tale—
The dew of many a vanished year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin door—
The elk roars by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old druid of the West!
His offering was the forest deer,
He shrines the mountain crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nest—
Where erst, alone of all his race,
He knelt to nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's grand career
Beyond the ocean strand;
And gave his pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the air what words that roam
Upon his boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumbering here—
Ben all the battle ground;
For not alone with host of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost when'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
For her who nest his forest care
And kept his birchen house;
Now soundly by his children may
The brave old man sleep on;
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps, no pompous pile marks where,
No line his deeds describe;
They raise no statue above him here,
Nor carve his dauntless name—
An Empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is Fame.

GENERAL NOTES.

A number of candidates for Drew Theological Seminary have been turned away for want of room, as the utmost capacity of the buildings has been reached.

The Roman Catholic temperance societies propose erecting a statue in Central Park to the memory of the late Father Matthews, at a cost of \$20,000. No temperance advocate was ever more worthy of the honor.

The Fairbanks have just been shipping \$3000 worth of scales from St. Johnsbury, Vt., to Russia, and their product for the first six months of 1874 foot up 23,840 scales, with a larger per cent of trucks and hay scales than ever before.

Third Assistant Postmaster General Barber reports that 128,515,000 stamped envelopes were furnished to postmasters during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1874, against 117,215,850 during the preceding year.

The unfinished Stevens Battery, which has for many years received in silence the pepperings of the public press, is at last to be knocked down by the sheriff's hammer, the Governor of New Jersey having ordered its sale.

A person who has it at first hands says that Browning wrote, "How they brought the news from Ghent to Aix" when once he became on the Mediterranean. It struck him how he should like to have a good gallop, and he wrote the poem forthwith.

The trustees of the Plymouth Baptist church of this city state that an attempt has been made to assassinate the pastor, the Rev. D. Henry Miller, owing to a sermon delivered by him favoring the reading of the Bible in public schools. Two shots were fired into the pastor's study during his absence, and he has been sent a threatening letter.

It is proposed to place a memorial window in the new memorial hall of Harvard college, in remembrance of the christian philosophers of Cambridge, England, who have taken the lead in liberal culture from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. The noted men of this school in the seventeenth century were graduates of Emanuel college, to which John Harvard belonged.

Quincy College, Illinois, is to be reopened this fall with favorable prospects. Arrangements have been made for suspending Johnson College of Macon City, Mo., and transferring its proceeds, together with all its subscriptions, which will amount to nearly \$40,000, to Quincy College.

A late visitor to Paris, en route for Boston, has seen the sculptor, Mr. Thomas Ball. His statue of "Emancipation," for the Washington Freedmen's Monument, is being cast in bronze at Munich. He made a slight change in the figure of the slave, thereby modifying the only possible fault in a work which, of all his works, the artist declares to be the most of inspiration. (Paris Letter.)

A copper piece, affecting to be of ten centimes, has got into a certain circulation in France, of which a note may be fittingly made. It bears the head of Napoleon III in a Prussian helmet. Around the neck is a dog's collar with a ring; upon it is inscribed "Sedan." The circular legend is, "Napoleon III. le Misericordieux." On the reverse an owl perched on a cannon around, "Vampire Francaise, 2 Dec 1871; Sep. tember, 1870."

By a simple process, steel may be made so hard that it will pierce any substance but a diamond. Jewelers, lapidaries and miners, who wish to give their drills this degree of hardness, have but to subject them to the following treatment: The tool is first brought to a white heat, and then pressed into a stick of sealing wax, left there for a second, and removed and inserted into the wax in another place. This operation should be repeated until the instrument is too cool to enter the wax.

Thinkers and observers have long noted the deterioration of physical manhood in our cities; the bent form, the lingering step, the dislike of even the commonest exercise, and the consequent tendency to disease. But when they read of the long training, the patient daily labor of the students, and the gradual elimination of months of steady application in the short but keen struggle for supremacy, such as took place on Saratoga Lake, even the weakest will feel at

least a temporary wish for self improvement in those qualifications of manhood displayed by winner and loser alike in the battle of the boats.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Prof. Clark Seelye, in his address at Abbot Academy, Andover, made a plea for the instruction of women, "showing," the report says, "that if we give the best education to men to fit them for the learned professions, much more should we give it to women, upon whom, more than all preachers, depends the care of human souls; upon whom, more than physicians, depends the health of the human bodies; upon whom, more than upon all lawyers, depends those conscious of law and order which are the foundations of justice."

From the official agricultural statistics of Great Britain, it seems that less than four per cent. of the whole surface of England and Wales—that is, 1,453,000 acres out of a total of 37,319,000 acres—is occupied by woods, coppices and plantations. Sussex is the only county that returns more than 100,000 acres of wood, nearly eleven per cent. of its area being thus clothed. The woods of Hampshire are next in magnitude, embracing 57,000 acres, or 11 per cent. of the area of the county. Kent follows, with 78,000 acres of woodland; and then Surrey, with 48,000 acres, nearly one-tenth of its area.

The veteran statistician, E. D. Mansfield, contributes a very interesting article to the Cincinnati Trade List on the railroad system of Ohio, which contains some points that are quite suggestive. He states that while the agriculture and merchandise of the state furnished the railroad 8,250,000 tons of freight, the mines alone furnished 9,665,417, or more than both the agricultural and mercantile products. Four-fifths of the mining business has been developed within the last ten years, and Mr. Mansfield thinks that in ten years more the mining and manufacturing business will be the controlling industry of the state.

The Liberty (Miss.) Herald has the following in reference to the ravages of charbon in Amite county, Miss., and the parish of East Feliciana, in Louisiana: "There is great consternation among the planters in the southern and southwest portion of the county on the account of the ravages of the charbon. It is gradually extending all over the county, and is carrying havoc to horses and cattle all along its path. A large number of valuable horses have been killed by it, and although in most cases it readily yields to treatment, if applied soon enough, it is so rapid in its course that it generally proves fatal before a remedy can be obtained and applied."

IMAGINATION AND DEATH.

HOW EASY IT IS TO DIE—TRICKS OF THE IMAGINATION AND THEIR FATAL POWER.

The Brooklyn Eagle, apropos of the hydrophobia fright, gives some strange facts connected with the power of the imagination. That the imagination will kill is certain. Many of our readers will remember the case of the gardener at either Heidelberg or Göttingen. This man was working in the garden on a fresh spring morning, in the very prime of health. A student passed him with the words:

"Ah, Fritz, passed a bad night, eh?"
"No, sir. Never felt better."
"I'm glad to hear it. Thought you looked pale."
"Your garden looks beautiful, Fritz."
"Thank you, sir."
"Good morning, Fritz."
"Good morning, sir."
"System a little out of order?"
"No, sir."
"You look bad, heavy eyed, and pale."
"Didn't know it, sir."
"A mere spring dizziness, I suppose. Good morning."

Fritz (solus)—I do feel a sort of queer like. Come on, professor.
"Well, Fritz, how are the violets?"
"Beautiful, sir, beautiful."
"You don't look very beautiful. What is the matter with you? Let me see your tongue. Your forehead clammy, too; I think you had better go home to bed, Fritz."
"I do feel queer, sir."
"I should think you would. Go to bed. Keep quiet for a few days."
"I believe I will, sir."
"See Dr. Brock coming this way—ask him. Good day, Fritz, I'm sorry to see you in this state."
"Good day, sir."
Up comes the doctor.
"Doctor, what is the matter with me?"
"Amphibolia, Fritz, evidently. Go to bed my man. And here, send the dispensary, and take a tablespoonful every hour. Don't eat till I see you again. I'll bring Dr. Wolff with me to see you. It's a curious case, very curious."

Fritz went to bed. The doctors came. They walked on tiptoe; spoke in whispers, they gave him medicine, i. e., spoonful of pure water, and pills made of bread.

They left him. That night Fritz grew weaker and weaker. And in the morning the students and the faculty were shocked with terror and horrified in the midst of their laughter at poor Fritz's fears, when his weeping daughter came to tell them that her stout, strong father of 30 odd years lay dead at home, died of a phantasy. There is no case better authenticated.

Another case is that of the French criminal condemned to death, and given to the doctors to experiment on. He pleaded for an easy death, and they gave it to him in this wise. They stretched him, naked, on a table, blindfolded his eyes, placed basins of water at his arms and knees, pricked him with a pin, not drawing blood even. They dropped from four vials little drops into the basins, so that the unfortunate man could hear a continuous drip, caused, he supposed, by the trickling of his own blood. The doctors held their watches.

"Another half hour and it will be all over. You don't feel any pain, do you?"
"No, doctor, but I feel my strength going."

"Of course, of course. It will be like falling into sleep."

In an hour and quarter the poor fellow was dead.

Several other examples of the power of imagination over life, as well authenticated as either of the foregoing, might be cited; but these will suffice. We now come to the last case, that of the man Entwistle, who died yesterday.

"PISTOLS FOR TWO."

THE CODE IN CINCINNATI.

JUDGE P. U. MAJOR DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION OF JOHN A. COCKERILL—THE MANAGING EDITOR SENDS A NOTE OF CONCILIATION—GENERAL HODGE THE COURTEOUS THIRD PARTY—SOME HIGH FEELINGS AROUSED—A DETERMINED STAND—THE OHIO RIVER PRESENTS BLOODSHED.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 25th inst., contains the following detailed account of an attempted resort to "the code" in that city involving two distinguished gentlemen: As our readers are aware, the Enquirer, during the past week, has contained some rather severe strictures upon the so-called legal proceedings at Burlington, Boone county, Ky., which terminated in the release of Mr. Terrell, the murderer of Harvey Meyers, upon bail in the sum of \$10,000. The presiding judge was P. U. Major. Upon information furnished us we had reason to believe that Judge Major had transcended his office, and had made a burlesque of justice. With that understanding we spoke of the case and the judge in language which seemed appropriate to the case and in keeping with our duty as public journalists. Yesterday afternoon Gen. George B. Hodge, of Covington, a gentleman of distinguished men and undoubted valor, appeared at the Enquirer office, arrayed in a suit of immaculate white, and gloved as only a gentleman can be gloved with the thermometers ranging in the nineties. The courteous and witty manner of Gen. Hodge, coupled with our knowledge of him as an individual ever ready to lend himself as a mediator, at once led us to believe that his mission was one of great delicacy. He handed us the following missive:

"JULY 24, 1874.
"JOHN A. COCKERILL—SIR: The Cincinnati Enquirer, of which you are understood to be managing editor, contains an editorial in its issue of July 23, 1874, in which these expressions occur: 'The judicial farce at Burlington is ended.' 'The trial proceeds ex parte in a double sense.' 'The court and the counsel for the prisoners refused to hear to the naked law in the case; the testimony is heard perforce to give ground for the predetermined result.' 'The court reviews the testimony publicly, interpolates important matters into it revealed by no witness.' 'The case is one of manslaughter, and in its issue of July 24, 1874, 'All accounts agree that the performances at Burlington during the hearing of the Terrell ball trial were of the most shameful and humiliating character. Judge Major disgraced the Judiciary of Kentucky, and should be impeached.' 'These are reflections upon my character as a man and a judicial officer which I could not permit to pass unnoticed from even a private individual; much more objectionable are they when pronounced by a man of the editor and conductor of a great daily journal. I have the honor consequently to respectfully request that you will recall.

THE OBSCURER ASSERTIONS, and explain and retract them in as public a manner as you have made the charges. My friend, Gen. Geo. B. Hodge, is authorized to receive any communication you may have to make in reply. I am respectfully,

"P. U. MAJOR."
We at once assured Gen. Hodge that the articles published in the Enquirer had been published upon information furnished from trustworthy sources, and that we believed them to be justified by the facts. We explained that it was impossible for an editor to have personal knowledge of all events transpiring in his vicinity, and that his opinions could only be made up from information brought to his desk. We gave him to understand that we had no desire to do Judge Major injustice, and that after investigation, if it should be found that injustices had been done, we would be glad to retract. We explained that in setting him right, Mr. Hodge's bearing and conversation at this point smacked very much of the "code." Thereupon we informed him that we did not propose to transact business upon the "code," and that we would be glad to recognize the "code" we shall do so, and until we do the duel hunters on the other side of the river will have to obtain their "satisfaction" in methods not prescribed by individuals who spend their time in caressing, card playing, and advertising the "code." When we feel that the "code" is such as to demand newspaper criticism, they will receive it at our hands fearlessly and honestly, and they will find us at all times ready to defend ourselves in the fashion which prevails on this side of the river.

THE INDIANA MEDICAL COLLEGE.

A REVIEW OF ITS ORGANIZATION AND GROWTH.

In another column of this paper will be found the circular of the Indiana Medical College. The institution has been in successful operation for the last five years. It was organized at the instance, and under the auspices, of the Indianapolis Academy of Medicine. It embraces within its educational force such professional gentlemen, both within and out of Indianapolis, as were willing to lend their aid without pecuniary emolument. The enterprise was considered, at the period of its inception of at least doubtful success. The obvious demand, however, for such a department of learning in the center of a great State, which had been sending its pupils to other States for instruction, determined the faculty, at whatever sacrifice of money and labor, to make the movement.

They had earnestly embarked upon a success beyond precedent. The gradual but positive growth of the school to already large proportions in an incredibly short time, has demonstrated the appreciation of the want, as well as generous confidence of the community by the profession at large. Notwithstanding some important losses by death and otherwise of the corps of teachers their places have been so happily supplied, as to impair in no degree the integrity of the faculty, its capacity to teach, or, as is believed, its confidence with the people.

The growing popularity of the school is indicated by the increase by annual sessions to its classes from less than sixty at its first, to one hundred and seven at its last session. It will be seen by this short account of its rise and progress of the Indiana Medical College, now, and for the last three years a department of the State University, that its usefulness is rapidly and widely extending, and that its affairs generally are in a highly prosperous condition.

It offers to students not only as well as those within the limits of this State, facilities for instruction probably not surpassed by those of any similar institution in the western country, and claims justly, a continuance of that State patronage which has hitherto contributed so bountifully to its maintenance and advancement.

The Sandusky Register contained no editorial and only one local item for four days, on account of repairs to the office. The "Register" consisted of putting a look on a floor and washing the windows.—Detroit Free Press.

The ladies of Mount Vernon, O., are working in behalf of a soldiers' monument in memory of the Knox county men who lost their lives during the rebellion.

necessary. The editor of the Enquirer at this time had been unable to satisfy himself that the matter complained of by Judge Major was false and unwarranted. He could make no retraction without investigation. He had been unable to communicate with parties to whom he was indebted for the information upon which the articles complained of were based. He could only reassert the proposition made by him in his note to Judge Major. He, therefore, informed the punctilious Gen. Hodge that he had

NO REPLY TO MAKE

to this last communication, and would refer his friend, the judge, to the columns of the Enquirer of Saturday morning. The bellicose general insisted upon a written reply to the communication which he had just delivered. It then became apparent that the general and his friends across the river were conducting business under "the code," and that there was to be a vast amount of correspondence, out of which some gentleman would reap a plentiful crop of glory.

As the editor of the Enquirer had done all that could be demanded of him under the rules of gentlemanly intercourse, he declined to receive any further communications from Judge Major, and declined to furnish him with any names of the gentlemen who had placed the Enquirer in possession of information relating to the judicial and social proceedings at Burlington. Gen. Hodge desired to know whether the editor of the Enquirer held himself responsible for what appeared in his columns, and was assured that he did. He wanted to know, then, whether a gentleman would be so assailed without the opportunity to obtain satisfaction. He was informed that Judge Major would receive satisfaction through the paper if it could be demonstrated that he had been misrepresented. General Hodge then drew from one of the pockets of his immaculate linen coat another note addressed to the editor of the Enquirer, which he said he was instructed to deliver in the event that an immediate reply was not vouchsafed his second epistle. We declined to receive it. General Hodge grew very indignant at this stage of the proceedings, and said that he was familiar with the contents of the note, and that it was a peremptory demand for satisfaction; in other words, a challenge. As we had already assured him that we did not propose to indulge further epistolary pastime, either with himself or his high toned friend, he returned his warlike message to the receptacle from whence it came, and, with a shade of disappointment marking his highly intelligent face, took his departure. In summing up this matter, we desire to say that at this writing we have

NO REASON TO RETRACT ANYTHING

that may have appeared in our paper concerning Judge Major and his conduct at Burlington. It it could be shown us that we have done him injustice we would readily give him the benefit of a free and frank apology. The course pursued by him yesterday was not exactly the proper one for a gentleman who believed that he had suffered an outrage at the hands of a newspaper. He acted in with an assumption of bravado, and a determination to hold somebody amenable under the "code." He was not willing to accept the friendly assurances of one who certainly desired to do him simple justice, and who would at this juncture, in a private way, lay the matter before him, if he had been so conscientious as to believe that his duty as a public journalist demanded it. It was well understood at this office yesterday that the band of dignified gentlemen who rescued Mr. Terrell from the jail at Burlington were closely with the individual skilled in the delicate use of words and the usages of the code—plotting for the murder of the editor of the Enquirer, or some one who was instrumental in giving their recent shameful conduct to the world. It was all to be done on the "code." When we feel that the "code" is such as to demand newspaper criticism, they will receive it at our hands fearlessly and honestly, and they will find us at all times ready to defend ourselves in the fashion which prevails on this side of the river.

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A GREAT CRIMINAL.

PRISON LIFE OF BOSS TWEED.

MR. TWEED'S ASSISTANT ORDERLY—HOW THE BOSS SPENDS HIS TIME—THE FURNISHING OF HIS ROOM—HIS MYSTERIOUS WAITING AND CORRESPONDENCE—HIS FREEDOM AND EASE OF ESCAPE—HIS VISITORS AND WHAT THEY BRING HIM.

The New York Graphic contains the following interesting account of the prison life of the great criminal, Boss Tweed: James Donohue was discharged from Blackwell's Island on Thursday last. He had been sentenced to a term of 18 months for felonious assault and battery, and while serving out his sentence acted as orderly in the hospital in which William M. Tweed is assistant orderly. His story of the daily prison life of the ex-Boss is the first minute account that has reached the outer world by a channel which permits of its publication. That Mr. Tweed was allowed to wear his beard became known only when he appeared in the witness stand several weeks ago in a suit brought by his private secretary, Mr. James Dewey. How he passes his time, where he takes his meals, who are his visitors, how he dresses, and, in a word, what special attentions are shown him by the prison authorities have hitherto remained mysterious. Newspaper representatives have frequently visited the island, bearing passes from President Lamphere of the Board of Commissioners of Charities and Correction, as well as notes from that gentleman requesting Warden Liscomb to grant the bearers all possible favors, but all was in vain. Mr. Tweed invariably refused to be seen, and when the visitors had pressed his way into the hospital-room, if he was fortunate enough to penetrate so far, he was always told that Mr. Tweed was on duty elsewhere. An assistant orderly's duties consist in waiting on the physicians, administering medicines, applying cataplasms, etc. In addition to this he is to keep a small book in which a record of all medicines ordered daily must be entered. Mr. Tweed, Donohue asserts, has never yet waited on a patient, and all stories of his fatherly manner in "blinding the wounds" of patients and cooling their burning brows with reticent applications of water must be set down to the imaginations of writers who have had imperfect and unreliable sources of information. His duties are performed by one of the convalescent inmates of the hospital. The record of medicines ordered daily, however, is duly entered in his little book. He records their names, the way in which the doctor's book, which is left with him for that purpose. Sometimes this duty becomes irksome and it is omitted. As, for example, when the grand jury was expected to make their last visit, Mr. Tweed's book had not been written up for four or five weeks. Mr. Donohue's book, however, was brought into requisition, and Mr. Tweed copied the curious characters of the apothecary's table from it, until he had brought up his record to the date of the visit.

HOW HE PASSES THE DAY.

Mr. Tweed rises about 7 o'clock in the morning, and after reading the morning newspapers, of which he takes six, goes to breakfast. This involves a pleasant walk of a little less than a quarter of a mile to the Warden's house. After enjoying the sociability of the warden's table until about 9 o'clock, he returns to his dressing room, or, if he is not on duty, to his cell. He has been carefully put in order by one of the prison chambermaids. At 9:30 his private secretary reports to him, and Mr. Tweed transacts business with him and converses with other visitors who may call until 1 o'clock. Then he leaves his dressing room, and takes a leisurely promenade to the warden's house again, where his midday meal is taken, followed by a siesta which lasts until 3 or 4 o'clock. His supper is brought down in a basket, by a prisoner employed in the warden's house, about 6 o'clock, and given to the night watchman of the prison, who sends it up stairs to his room. On neither of the occasions of leaving the prison for his meals is he accompanied by a keeper. The commissioners, Mr. Donohue says, evidently have perfect faith that he will not try to escape. There is nothing to prevent his escape to a tug-boat, across of which are passing every day, and before the alarm would be given he might be on board some outward-bound steamer. Being convicted only of a misdemeanor he could not be extradited, and recapture would be impossible. Mr. Tweed is waited upon every day by his sons, who bring him wines, liquors, and all the delicacies of the season, of which he always has an assortment. James Carey, the head of the large cigar and grocery company, who was sentenced a few months ago, performs the duties of a valet for him. He blacks his boots, keeps his room in order, and in general makes him comfortable. The furniture of the "dismal cell" that overlooks the river to the east of French wall, is there. There is a cabinet, washstand, a desk, and three or four chairs, all of the same handsome material. The ordinary prison bed consists of a straw mattress covered with one sheet. Mr. Tweed is forced to lie on a spring-bed with two hair mattresses, a hair bolster and two or three pillows. There is a patchwork quilt and a white counterpane. A green rep sofa, which when ordered, was found to be too large to be taken into his room, stands just outside, and serves as a convenient seat to lounge upon, reminding his callers of the old elegance that met their eyes while they were in the famous brownstone building on Broadway. A selection of standard books adorn the shelves of a commodious library, and the floor is nicely carpeted.

WHO VISIT HIM.

Among those who call upon him is Dr. McDonald. It has been reported that his visits are professional in character. Mr. Donohue says he is not treating him for any disease. The elder Mr. Bartlett, one of the counsel, calls generally three times a week. Coroner Kesler has been there three or four times. Alderman Lysaght has visited him at least a dozen times. His sons, Richard M. Tweed and William M. Tweed, Jr., call every day. They cross by the Sixty-first street ferry about 4 o'clock, and stay until the "all night" bell rings, at 6:30 P. M.—seldom later. The ladies of his family call every Saturday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, and leave him about 4:30. He generally meets them at the boat-house, and occasionally at the Warden's house. They always cross by the Sixty-first street ferry, and Capt. McLoughlin, who has charge of the skiff, has orders, it is understood, to attend to the friends and family of Mr. Tweed to the exclusion of those of less favored prisoners. Commissioner Meyer Stern is also a frequent visitor. On the 1st of 2d of July Commissioners Lamphere and Stern visited the prisoner about noon and sent up for Mr. Tweed. They remained closeted with him for upward of an hour. When they left certain empty champagne bottles and the remains of a dinner indicated the character of the business that was transacted. On a side-table were writing materials that had apparently just been used. On Sundays Mr. Tweed replaces his old afternoon siesta in his spacious cell with a first day loaf in the coal yard. This is his inva-

riable retreat when he wishes particularly to avoid visitors or exclude himself. He has learned to have an affection for the place. Last 4th of July he looked downcast, and his thoughts were evidently of the times when he ruled the great city from which he heard the myriad sounds of rejoicing. In company with Keeper Rattey he left the hospital at 9 o'clock, and after having his breakfast, went to his old resting-place in the coal-yard. There he remained all day. Several visitors called on him, but when their cards were sent to his room an answer was returned that he was assisting the physician in an operation, and would not be at leisure about 3 P. M., and immediately retired. He did not make an appearance again until next morning at 8 o'clock. On Sundays this is his usual hour of rising. Then he goes, as soon as he is dressed, to his breakfast. After that he retreats to the coal-yard on the west side of the prison. Here he remains all day, only leaving it to go to dinner.

THE VISIT OF THE GRAND JURY.

On a recent visit of the grand jury to the institution he remained in the hospital all day, wearing his prison suit. After the grand jury had inspected the prison and had expressed their satisfaction with all that they saw, they proceeded to the hospital. On entering several of the grand jurors, who were acquainted with Mr. Tweed, advanced to him with great cordiality, and, in turn, grasped him by the hand to express their sympathy. "Mr. Tweed?" they exclaimed; "is there anything we can do for you? If there is let us know, and we will see if it can be brought about." He replied that he was getting along as well as could be expected, but was very much obliged for their kind offer and for the interest they expressed in his welfare. He receives their evening papers about 7 o'clock, and spends a couple of hours in their perusal, after which he retires. He occupies a great deal of his time in writing. After he has written several pages he often destroys them. He seems to very cautious that nobody shall see what he has written. This extreme caution has attracted the attention of all who have seen him at work. What it is that he is engaged on can only be imagined. It is possible that this particular writing is merely a peculiarity in the transaction of his business. When he first came to the prison he was sent to destroy a great many letters. These were not carelessly thrown into the stove, but burnt separately, with great care. The letters were torn into, and each half placed in the stove and watched until it was completely consumed. He receives a great many letters, which he also destroys as soon as they have been read. No one will ever know who his correspondents are, or what they have had to say to him. He carefully studies each letter he writes, after he has finished it.

HIS PRISON SUIT.

His summer suit consist of an alpaca coat, black pants, white cravat, and straw hat with black band. He changes his linen every day. He no longer wears the great diamond watch which is generally associated with him. He carries an open-faced gold watch, guarded with a black chain; wears plain gold studs and black rubber sleeve-buttons. A plain gold ring is on the little finger of his left hand. He has a "larynx" prison suit, which he keeps carefully hidden under his bed. He has worn it just four times since his incarceration. The first occasion was when he was visited by the grand jury, the second, the third, the fourth was when the Board of Commissioners of Charities and Correction visited the prison several months ago, during a time of considerable public excitement on the subject of his prison life. Over each cell in the prison and over each bed in the hospital is suspended the occupant's "tally." It is a record of his crime, name, age, nationality, religious belief, occupation, date of conviction and his sentence. Over the head of Mr. Tweed's bed in the hospital was tacked a card bearing the following inscription:

Convicted by the verdict of a jury, of Misdemeanor, WILLIAM M. TWEED, Statesman. November 22, 1873. 12 years and \$12,300 fine.

The "P. P." indicates that he is a protestant. In conclusion Mr. Donohue says that Mr. Tweed has always a kind word for every body, both prisoners and keepers, and a better loved prisoner is not on the island. On the other hand, he insists that he is surrounded by all the comforts that go to make life pleasant. He does not think what he pleases, and there are many who would one thinks, after his 18 months' experience—who would readily exchange his freedom for such confinement as Mr. Tweed suffers. He goes where he pleases and returns when he pleases, and if he wished he could escape at any time, and would be able to do so before he would be missed by the prison authorities.

END OF A DESPERADO.

WHITE COUNTY, (ILL.) FARMERS FINISH HIM.

The Evansville Journal gives the following: A few months ago a fellow named Davis came down the Little Wabash with his wife and family and a lot of plunder. He "squatted" in an old log hut, and soon proved himself to be a somewhat troublesome character. He always went around, and on several occasions threatened the lives of his neighbors, and kept them in a continual state of terror, by promises to burn their houses, and do other malicious things. A few days since he stopped an old citizen of the township, and drawing a revolver, threatened to "blow his brains out" if he ever talked about him. A peace warrant was thereupon issued against him, and to assist in making the arrest the constable secured the services of sixteen farmers, knowing that Davis would make resistance. Last Wednesday morning the constable proceeded to the house of Davis and stationed his posse in a field. As soon as the constable made his appearance Davis ran out of the house into the field, but as he persisted in running the party opened fire on him, and brought him to a stand with about twenty bullets in his body, killing him instantly. Last evening the constable and his posse were gratified by the news that Davis was dead. The law is thus dispensed of by a mob, are gratified that they have been rid of a dangerous desperado.

The Indiana Farmer says the Hazel Bluff herd of short-horn cattle, belonging to Claude Matthews, of Clinton, Vermillion county, will be sold at the Terre Haute Fair Grounds, August 13. This is an excellent herd. Mr. Mathews is one of the young breeders of this state, and he has taken great pains with his stock.